

THE ALL-NIGHT BANK SETS A NEW PACE.

By Roy L. McCardell.

The All-Night Bank is open for business twenty-four hours a day at Forty-fourth street and Fifth avenue. It marks a forward movement in many other industries that formerly kept "bankers' hours," old style, such as egg-laying, haymaking and moving-picture taking which have all fallen gracefully into the new order of things.

The gentle art of passing bad checks in the vicinity of Forty-second street and Broadway has been struck a fatal blow. The leading drug stores, cafes, clubs and box-offices now flourish the following banner upon their walls:

"No checks cashed. If your autograph is good the All-Night Bank will furnish you ready money on it!" Tightwads who would treat save for the fact that they only have a heck for a thousand in their pockets are now proffered companionship and polite guidance to the All-Night Bank. The restaurant cashiers will send the assistant head waiter over to the All-Night Bank and you can wait till he comes back with the cash if your feet are tired, tangled or old. The little poker game has got back to a cash basis of 50-cent limits, and table stakes and checks of prodigious magnitude go no more in the underworld. There is no excuse for you not having a deposit in the All-Night Bank. If not, why not?

The industry of egg-laying has received a new impetus. The all-night bank has set a new fashion in nest eggs. Heretofore all self-respecting, conservative hens who laid eggs under the union rules did so at daybreak with a merry chuckle. With a modern egg plant the present plan is to double capacity without increasing the capital. Eggs will now be laid under the new banking rules and electric light. Good, reliable hens will now be expected to lay under the eight-hour shifts. After the early-morning layers have gone off duty the afternoon squad comes on. These will be succeeded by a third shift, and these last in turn by the hens who lay while you sleep.

The promoters of this new lay have arranged an ingenious egg-layers' time detector clock under the nests, so the hens may lay overtime without undue physical strain. The twenty-four-hour day will be a boon to incubator babies, to whom time heretofore has meant nothing. They will be given midnight May parties in Central Park all this month. Babies who imagine that theirs is the care-free, irresponsible life of an incubator child, at whose parents have not been consulted in the matter, may now compromise with their forbears and be placed in the new All Night and Day incubator and Nursing Establishment.

The new twenty-four-hour-a-day play will be a boon to farmers. Hay-making can be done in the field under Cooper-Hewitt lights. Cream, children, checks and eggs can all be raised at all hours of the day and night, and we need not return to our domiciles at all from this on, because all the other faces will still be open. Nobody will sleep at night from this day forth in New York except, of course, night watchmen.

HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

Edited by Nixola Greeley Smith

WEeping PHILOSOPHERS.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

A YOUNG man has written me a letter interspersed with biblical quotations, expressing his disapproval of what he deems to be my pessimistic view of men, declaring that what the public wants nowadays is optimism, and asking if I am not, by chance, the original of Mr. McCardell's "Mrs. Nixola."

The last query, of course, I will have to refer to Mr. McCardell, and possibly if a stumped and addressed envelope be sent him, he will reply to it. But it is not of sufficient general interest to warrant the use of the paper's space.

The remark about the public's love for optimism is, however, worth considering. There was a play called "The Optimist" produced last week, that ran from Monday to Saturday night. The dramatic critics were not very kind to it. But then dramatic critics are rank pessimists, anyway. The public generally that from this youthful censor's point of view is pining for cheerfulness did not make its paroled opinion in this pool of optimism, but I hope this individual lover of optimism did not miss it.

Editors and publishers spend their lives pondering what the public wants, and invariably they reach the conclusion that every new bid for public favor is leap in the dark and that nobody can foresee what the end shall be. Sounds like a hymn, doesn't it? It is quite interesting to find any positive view of the subject, and if I were really sure the young man is right I might be tempted to become an optimist.

Optimism is very easy to write. But some one—Byron perhaps—remarked that easy writing makes very hard reading. It gave me a great deal of trouble to assure people that to be noble they have only to wish to be so, and that if they will only believe hard enough that the moon is made of green cheese, some day they will be able to bite holes in it—the biggest, roundest holes that ever were. It's easy, but is it felt?

The weeping philosopher is at heart happier than the languishing one. Pessimists are the only really cheerful people. They look at life as a woe, and you'll be disappointed. Expect nothing, and you'll be agreeably surprised.

The optimistic young bride, for instance, who starts her married life with the idea that Sir Galahad wasn't one too tight with her husband, hovers between committing suicide or sending out a general police alarm every time he stays downtown for dinner. But she of properly pessimistic outlook expects almost to be deserted at the altar and is apt to be grateful instead of exclaiming when she isn't.

Pessimism pays if one doesn't take it too seriously. I am afraid one Evening World reader has done so. For his edification let us all cheer up. One—Two—three!

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Sulphur and Molasses.

K. F. W.—Here is a formula for the use of sulphur and molasses: Get 5 cents' worth of sulphur and 10 cents' worth of molasses. Put them in a glass. See that there are no lumps in it. Pour six tea-spoonsful of syrup over the sulphur. Stir. Take the teaspoonful of the mixture before breakfast and one just before going to bed for three days. Omit for three days. Repeat and omit for three days until you have taken the preparation nine days.

Callosities Spots.

L. YDIA—Try this to cure thick skin on hands or feet: Boracic acid, 1 dram; beta-naphthol, 20 grains; lanolin, or prepared suet, 1 ounce. Apply to the surface.

Heavy Chin.

M. R. S. D.—I would advise vibrassage as a potent factor in removing the sulphur. Stir. Take the

Large Veins.

E. C.—I am sorry to say it is impossible to remove large veins. If you removed the veins you would simply cease to live. You can, however, cover up the seeming blemish by fattening the hands. If you wish a good, fattening diet, use a raw egg, well beaten up in milk, and take in the morning, and the same again in the evening. Some people take as many as six eggs in milk a day. Be sure to take plenty of exercise while you are taking the fattening cure.

Mustache Grower.

A. NIXOLA D.—This has been eminently successful as a mustache grower: Red vaseline, two ounces; camellia oil, one-half ounce; oil of lavender, oil of rosemary, fifteen drops each. Apply to the roots of the mustache at night. Let it remain

THE 'JOLLY' GIRLS—THEY Win! By George McManus

